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The Man in His Right Mind

BY CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN

They found the man out of whom the devils were gone, clothed and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. Luke 8:35.

WHAT a strange story we find in that passage where the text stands! If you read it with your eyes alone, you may feel that it is just an old wives' tale to be thrown in the waste basket. It cannot be read in that hasty fashion. It takes brains to read the Bible. It is not enough just to look at the print and pronounce the words.

The story was written nearly two thousand years ago in a foreign language and in the Orient. It has to be translated to bring out its meaning in the tongue in which we were born. And the translation cannot be made with grammar and dictionary alone—it must be made with some measure of moral imagination and spiritual insight. Read it in the light of that higher system of forces and values revealed by the eyes of faith and you find there a lesson of rare beauty.

"Possessed of Devils"

Notice three aspects of it—first the man who suffered! He was "possessed of devils." How often we find that striking phrase in the Gospels! It was not a time of scientific diagnosis. The tests we use were as far from the minds of those primitive people as the x-ray. When they faced those mysterious nervous and mental disorders which baffle human intelligence to this hour, it is not strange that they leaped to the conclusion that the sufferer had been overborne by some wicked, cruel agency which they called "a demon." The patient seemed to be held within the clutch of

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some hostile force which they could not understand. Demons, devils, unclean spirits!

The symptoms recorded fall at once into three classes —first, insanity, such as we find in this man of Gadara. Then epilepsy, as in the case of that boy whose father said, "It taketh and it leaveth him"—it was intermittent. "It teareth him and he crieth out. He walloweth on the ground, foaming and gnashing with his teeth. Ofttimes it hath cast him into the water and the fire." Then the paralysis of some function! "The man who had a dumb spirit"—he was mute. His vocal organs failed to respond to his desire for speech. "The woman who had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years and could not lift herself up"—she had feet and legs but she could not walk. In every such case the life failed to function in a normal way. All these people seemed to be overborne by some hostile force and the verdict of that rude time was that they were "possessed by devils."

Here in the text we find a madman. He ran wild in the mountains and among the tombs, cutting himself on the stones. He went naked—"He wore no clothes." "He was crying out night and day. He was exceedingly fierce, so that none dared pass that way." He showed an ungovernable strength—he had been "bound with fetters and chains," but he always broke away. He was an insane man.

The Kindliness of Jesus

When this poor, irrational creature saw Jesus, something in the Master's face, serene and kindly, drew the sufferer to him. Something in the Master's voice, strong, smooth, sympathetic, gave him a ray of hope. "He ran and fell down at Jesus' feet." But when Jesus asked him his name, the wild reply was, "Legion! Legion!" He felt that a legion of devils had taken up their abode in his troubled nature.

The poor man was "not himself." He was "not all there," as we say in our familiar phrase. When reason knocked at his door, he was out. No man who has been overwhelmed by physical disease, by some mental aberration, by some ugly bit of temper or some immoral tendency, is himself. His real self is not there—it is "out." There may be times when he scarcely knows his own name. He finds himself helpless under the burden of that mysterious something.

Describe it as you will, there it is! Those simple-hearted people, not knowing what to say, called it "possessed of devils." We may use a lot of technical terms —complexes, obsessions, abnormal psychology, mental aberration—and feel that even then we, too, have failed to get at the real source of the trouble. But there the man stands all this time waiting for help! Insanity, epilepsy, paralysis—these, too, are just words which suggest awful realities. In the presence of any one of them, human nature, as we like to see it, goes down in defeat.

What did Christ do for the man? He restored him to sound health. Presently the man's frenzy was gone —he was as calm as Calvin Coolidge. He was no longer crying out and cutting himself on the stones— his movements were now ordered by intelligent purpose. He had regained his ordinary consciousness. He knew his own name, and was able to find his way about. He no longer went around naked—"He was clothed and in his right mind." However faulty their former diagnosis had been, the people recognized the fact that restoration meant being once more "in his right mind."

How was it done? Here we should find ourselves hopelessly confused in reading this story, if we followed the letter which killeth rather than the spirit which maketh alive. Are we to believe that a company of devils carried on an audible conversation with Jesus? Are we to think that they asked permission from him to transfer themselves from the body of this man into the bodies of those pigs which were feeding near the edge of the cliff on the east side of the Sea of Galilee? Are we to say that the Son of God took a friendly attitude toward the devils, complying with their request that they take themselves off and enter the swine? Are we ready to stamp with his approval that strange notion of the transmigration of souls from human bodies into animal forms? It is a notion to which the scriptures nowhere else give the slightest encouragement. All this would involve us in conclusions too grotesque for rational belief.

What then shall we say? An insane man was healed —that fact seems clear. A herd of swine ran over the edge of the cliff and was drowned in the sea. Then some wonder-loving disciple introduced into his account of the matter a causal connection between those two events which did not exist.

The poor man was restored to health and clothes and sanity by the power and purity of that august Personality who has changed the spiritual history of the race. In that same hour the swine, frightened it may be by some extraordinary frenzy on the part of the insane man just before he was healed, stampeded over the edge of the cliff. There you have the necessary materials for a story which has here been worked up in somewhat fantastic form.

Jesus as a Healer

How was the man healed? How have men and women been healed from all manner of inward hurts (some of them beyond the reach of drugs), from that day to this, by the power of the Son of God? Men are still transformed by the renewing of their minds— Heaven be praised for that blessed experience! The last thirty years have witnessed a great advance in the use of mental and spiritual forces for the gaining and maintenance of sound health.

In a recent book, Lloyd Douglas says: "If Jesus had the necessary personal dynamic to become the greatest single urge to righteousness the world has ever seen, to people six thousand miles away and two thousand years after he lived on earth, vitalizing them with courage, aspiration and high resolve, what may he not have done for the natures of men within arms' length! People who find it hard to believe that such a man as this was healed by such an one as Jesus of Nazareth, are not well posted as to what is happening today in the clinics of skilled psychiatrists." Blessed be the name of him who forgives our iniquities and heals our diseases, who

redeems our lives from destruction and satisfies our needs with good things so that our strength is renewed!

Here was a man who, an hour before, had shown all the dreadful symptoms of insanity, now clothed and in his right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. The storm had ceased and there was a great calm. He was filled with awe and gratitude for his recovery and he besought the Master that he might go with him as a personal disciple. What better evidence could you have of a right mind and a grateful, obedient heart! He might well have been saying to himself in the majestic

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scriptures of his own race, "Be strong and of good courage. The Lord thy God, he it is that goeth with thee. He will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

And is not that the very heart of the gospel of redemption! For the recovery of the human spirit, there is nothing like the power of a person, strong and wise, serene and devout. It is the touch of life upon life, warm and direct, which works these wonders of healing. And when it is the touch of that Life which is above every life, what may we not expect!

Here we touch bottom! The very essence of any man's religion, yours, mine, everyone's, is to be found in the soul's awareness of the presence of the Spirit of God manifested to us supremely in Christ, and in the response of the soul to that Presence in reverent obedient trust. The spirit of man needing, knowing, enjoying the presence of the divine Spirit within and finding itself purified, fortified, enriched by that experience—that is the essence of all religion. When all is said and done, it is that which heals and saves. It was so in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

Then what did Christ tell the man to do? When the sufferer had been healed, he besought Jesus that he might go with him. But Jesus sent him away. He said to him, "Go home! Go home to your friends and show them what great things the Lord has done for you!" Go back to that system of ordinary interests which constitutes your home, and there, in the daily round of familiar duty, show them that you are a changed man, that you are yourself again, that in every sense of the word you are "clothed and in your right mind." The common task was to be the ultimate test of a changed life.

It is the highest, hardest test of anyone's newness of life. It may not be nearly so picturesque as the making of some sacred pilgrimage to Rome or Jerusalem, to Mecca or Benares. But all those pious gestures of goodness are easy. It is much more difficult to stand up in one's own home town, where everyone knows him, and do the duties which lie nearest as a Christian. This may not be so exciting but it will accomplish ten times as much good. Our best work is always done, not when we go off on some wild goose chase of spiritual adventure, where we do not know our way about. Our best work is done when we follow the main traveled road of personal obligation, showing by patient fidelity in welldoing, what great things the Lord has done for us.

Go home! The man may have been a shoemaker, as Dean Hodges once suggested. Then he was to go back and make more shoes and better ones. He may have been a stonemason—then he was to go back, laying stone upon stone with the plumb line, building walls which would stand until the day of judgment. He may have been a baker—then he was to go back and bake more loaves of good bread which hungry people could eat with satisfaction.

This would be what a recent writer has called "the industrial version of morality," the finer quality of life which is not confined to the fringes and accessories of a man's activities but is bound up with the day's work. It is not so much what a man does when he is off duty which counts, as it is what he does when he is on duty; not so much the acts of worship or of charity to which he occasionally turns aside, as the way he does his work day by day in his own vocation.

Servant of the Most High God

Principal Jacks of Manchester College, Oxford, speaks of having once seen a delicate mathematical instrument made by a Moslem in India a thousand years ago. Around the edge of the fine brass work was the inscription, in delicate Arabic characters: "This is the work of Hussein Ali, Mechanic, Mathematician, and Servant of the Most High God." There you have it! Mechanic and Mathematician suggest the competent skill there displayed! Servant of the Most High God, the high excellence to which he aspired! The instrument was to indicate the position of the stars and for him the heavens had declared the glory of God.

How directly all this applies to the religion of a college man! The student sometimes thinks of his ordinary duties, getting his lessons and writing his papers,

reading the required books and passing the examinations from which there is no escape, as being altogether secular. These things all belong to the daily grind. His religion is something quite apart. It stands over at one side in a sacred enclosure of its own. If he can go off for some week-end with a religious deputation, or go down and do something striking at a Rescue Mission, or take communion on some high hill at sunrise on Easter morning, he feels that he has been giving expression to his religious life. He has been showing what great things the Lord has done for him.

Now all those things may have a certain value—I am not speaking slightingly of such exercises. But they are the incidentals rather than the essentials of religious life. If the student would actually show himself a man of God, let him do his work right up to the handle, six days in the week, with a certain added spiritual emphasis in the use he makes of the seventh day. Whatsoever his hand or his head finds to do, let him do it thoroughly and well, as the natural, inevitable expression of his own finest qualities of heart and soul. He will then find the spiritual values of human experience, not in the suburbs of his interest, coming in occasionally as commuters. He will find those spiritual values resident and active in the very heart and center of his action, and his whole life will be like a city of God. He will grow in grace and in knowledge and in all likeness to him who did always those things that pleased the Father.

If Lincoln Were Living Today!

By Edward Tallmadge Root

And he said, Nay, father Abraham, but if one went to them from the dead, they will repent. And he said unto him: If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead. *Luke* 16:30, 31.

WHEN a "true-born king of men" arises—one "who *can*," yet who uses his powers only for the common good—the people refuse to believe that he can die. Self-seekers may welcome change to a new ruler, careless and less scrupulous though weaker. But the many, wistfully hoping against hope, create the legend that he is only hidden and will return. The history of Israel centers in the hope of the reign of "Great David's Greater Son." In hours of national distress, the common people of England, remembering perhaps Cromwell's words, "If any makes many poor to make a few rich, that suits not a commonwealth!" cry, "Oh, for another Cromwell!" Nor is he forgotten who, when Europe looked in horror at a nation of regicides, wrote "The Defense of the English People," and penned the first draft for the American Declaration of Independence. In 1802, Wordsworth exclaimed:

> Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour.
> England hath need of thee; she is a fen
> Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
> Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
> Have forfeited the ancient English dower
> Of happiness. We are selfish men.
> O, raise us up! Return to us again,
> And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!

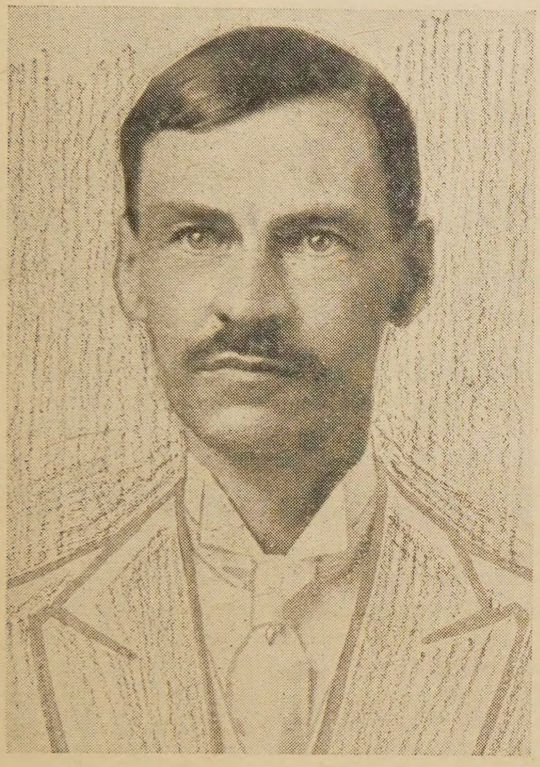
America has two canonized saints of patriotism, men who, the people are convinced, ever put the nation first—Washington and Lincoln. The former is revered, but as a born aristocrat, the product of a royal colony, does not seem quite our own. Lincoln is a son of our democracy, "the first American." No other land could have produced him. No other people can fully understand him. No other statesman ever comprehended so fully our problems and ideals. And today, when democracy throughout the world is in danger, when America dallies with the temptation to forget her mission and imitate the sordid empires of the past, our hearts instinctively cry out: "Oh, that Abraham Lincoln were living! That he might rebuke the worship of wealth; declare again that all men are equal in their rights; assert the primacy of labor; complete the temperance revolution, and give inspiration for all reforms by a unifying faith in God!"

I—Lincoln and the Worship of Wealth

Lincoln's very birth rebukes our "acquisitive society." Like several of our presidents, he was born in a log cabin. But James G. Blaine, in his eulogy of Garfield, properly drew a distinction between the stimulating and equal hardships of the frontier and the humiliating and degrading poverty of the slum. In that Kentucky cot, there was no lack of wholesome food, of light or air; no dearth of kind and resourceful neighbor women to care for mother and babe. The dawning intelligence had no lack of objects to awaken curiosity and become playmates—flowers, birds, and beasts of the wonderful wilderness. In father, mother, and stepmother, he had care and training which no money could buy. Having nothing, he possessed all of God's world.

The purest heredity comes in such poverty. Courts of kings, with the countless temptations of privilege and luxury, can assure no untarnished lineage. But a race of pioneers, men and women whose days are filled with toil and nights with wholesome sleep, compelled to economize, always alert against dangers, know natural, faithful, and self-sacrificing love. The lineage of Abraham Lincoln has been traced back to that "Great Migration" which settled Massachusetts. His first American ancestor came to Salem, June 20, 1637. We know the motives which brought those settlers. The "Considerations," written to stimulate the migration of the type desired, included these: "England grows weary of her inhabitants, insomuch that man, which is the most precious of all creatures, is here more vile and base than the earth he treads upon." "We are grown to that excess of riot as no mean estate will suffice a

man to keep sail with his equals." Democratic yeomen, thus criticizing the social order, found even Boston too aristocratic, and in successive generations went farther and farther west, into the wilderness. They preferred freedom to comfort; self-government and self-defense to the security of organized society. But they lived in families, and, though scattered, were good neighbors. They often settled on poor soil, far from markets. They did not always succeed, but they never succumbed. They never looked back. Six generations of such pioneers—Samuel, Mordecai, Mordecai, John, Abraham, Thomas—begot a man!



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Nor was that man uneducated. I once heard a normal college professor describe that backwoods farm where he was reared as "the only real university in the world." There every necessity was created by the family from the products of the soil. There every child learned all the essential arts of life by watching and by doing. Dullness and inattention, if overlooked by parents, were punished by nature. Thought, intelligence, adaptation of means to ends, were taught by necessity. If books, the crystallization of other men's experience, were scarce, they were the more prized and better understood. The Bible was there, a library in itself. And there was the thirst for knowledge. Splendid buildings, stacks of books, scholarly teachers, all these are in vain, if that thirst be lacking. The best education is self-education.

Thus Lincoln's career teaches that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." When government bureaus tell us the minimum income which a family must have, I think of Gandhi and remember the cabins at Sinking Spring, Ky., and Gentryville, Ind. Our social evils arise largely from the cowardly fear of poverty which prevails. Poverty, unless deserved, is the least of human ills. Who will break from the sordid past and blaze new trails of human progress until he is freed from that fear? We need a new declaration of independence —from things! Paul uttered and Lincoln exemplified it: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." I know how "both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need." When men learn from Christ thus to renounce riches and the things of the world, they may create "The Commonwealth"!

II—Lincoln and Equality

Lincoln said that all his political principles were derived from the Declaration of Independence. He was ever quoting its words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." "If it is not true, let us tear it out! (Cries: No! No!) Then, let us stick to it!" Its authors, he asserted, "did *not* intend to declare men equal *in all respects,*" but "equal with 'certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.'" But they meant "to include *all men.*" Exclude from its scope one race, he argued, and any may be excluded. The Declaration was meant to be "a stumbling-block to all those who might seek to turn a free people back into the hateful paths of despotism." "Its authors knew the proneness of prosperity to breed tyrants." He held that they had expected slavery to disappear; and charged that "the nation, conceived in liberty, had run down to treat the fathers' truth as a lie!" The fundamental principle of American democracy is this: "No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent!" To the plea that bondage was best for the slave, he replied: "That was the old plea of kings, 'For their good'!"

What would Lincoln say today if he saw this nation, "conceived in liberty," refusing the solemnly promised independence to the Philippines, dominating half of the Latin American republics and repeatedly intervening against the will of their inhabitants? President Wilson's assurance of "self-determination to all peoples, large or small," would rejoice his heart; as would the Pact of Paris, by which the nations have renounced war and promised to settle all disputes by pacific means. But what is war but an attempt by one nation to force its will upon another? But would he not also see that only world-organization and a world court can eliminate war? What would he say to America's refusal to adhere to her own proposal, the world's fulfilment of her ideal, the only hope of making the world safe for democracy? To the cynical denial of the truths of the Declaration which threaten liberty and equality even in our own land?

It is customary today to denounce criticism of national policies as unpatriotic. Lincoln found justification for his fearless words in the example of the great Thomas Jefferson, whom he repeatedly quoted: "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just!"

III—Lincoln and Labor

When the workingmen of Manchester, England, unemployed and suffering because our Civil war had cut off the supply of cotton, sent resolutions of sympathy, Lincoln replied: "I regard your decisive utterances as an instance of Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or country." He saw a close relation between slavery and the wage-system. Some "assume that nobody works unless capital excites them. They say there are two ways: one is to hire and allure men; the other is to buy and drive them to labor, and that is slavery. There is no such relation between capital and labor as assumed; nor is there any such thing as a free man's being fixed for life in the condition of a hired laborer." "Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration."

These utterances seem meant for our times! Civilization can not continue half democratic and half monarchical. Industry is the only sphere in which democracy has not yet established itself. Hire labor? Labor can not be separated from personality! Capital can be. Its owner can leave it invested and travel around the world, satisfied so long as he receives dividends. Must not the ultimate solution of the industrial problem, therefore, be this: Let labor employ capital and management! Then industry, also, may be democratic. We are yet far from that goal. It can come only from the heroism of pioneers in the ranks of labor, saving, educating themselves to intelligent, self-governing cooperation. Methinks that Lincoln would encourage such a movement, were he living today.

IV—Lincoln and Temperance

On February 22, 1842, addressing the Springfield Washingtonian society, Lincoln said: "The demon of intemperance ever seems to have delighted in sucking the blood of genius and generosity. . . . Shall he now be arrested in his desolating career? In that arrest all can give aid that will; and who shall be excused that can and will not? . . . Of our political revolution of 1776, we are all justly proud. . . . Turn now to the temperance revolution. In it we shall find a stronger bondage broken, a greater tyrant deposed, more of want supplied, more disease healed, more sorrow assuaged. . . . And when the victory shall be complete —when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on earth, how proud shall be the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and cradle of both revolutions!"

From such utterances, we may judge how he would rejoice in the outlawing of the liquor traffic by constitutional amendment! How he would appeal again to his fundamental principles to insure its retention and enforcement! "To the support of the Constitution and the laws, let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor; let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty!" To those who do not like the law, he would reply: "Then say, 'We abide by the decision, though we will try to reverse it.'" To refute those who would restore regulation to the states, he need only adapt his words: "You look upon this as an exceedingly little thing, only equal to the question of the cranberry laws of Indiana. It so happens that there is a vast portion of the American people that do not look upon it as a little thing. They look upon it as a vast moral evil, and one not confining itself where it is situated." The liquor trade, like slavery, has never been content with any restriction; and, from the very nature of appetite and avarice, it never can be! On the other hand, those who, with Lincoln, regard it as "a vast moral evil," "an angel of death," can not consent to its existence anywhere. They can not rest until there shall be "neither slave nor drunkard on earth." Would that he were alive to arouse us to this new "irrepressible conflict"!

V—Lincoln and Faith in God

I rise from rereading the speeches of Lincoln with the feeling that nowhere, outside of sacred scripture, do I gain such reassurance that there is a "Power, not ourselves, who makes for righteousness." He believed in God. When many, appalled as today by the horrors of war, were asking: How can we longer believe in Supreme Goodness? he used those very calamities to prove the existence and righteousness of God. "If . . . American slavery is one of the offenses . . . which he now wills to remove, shall we discern any departure from those divine attributes which believers always attribute to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword . . . it must still be said: 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether'!" In such a divine Father, ever disciplining the human race that it may become partaker of his holiness, it is worth while to believe!

And for the imperfect, erring, divided, and yet humble and ever-learning, societies of believers, he had sympathy and admiration. He did not think their utterances on moral issues in national life unconstitutional and meddlesome! To a Methodist delegation, May 14, 1864, he said: "Nobly sustained the government has been by all the churches! . . . Blessed be God, who, in this our great trial, giveth us the churches!"

Strange it seems that one with such faith and such respect for organized religion was not himself a member of any church. He intimated that it was because he had found none with true liberality and catholicity. Would he not, then, rejoice to see not only Protestants cooperating in a Federal council, but also increasingly frequent investigations and utterances by that council jointly with Jews and Roman Catholics? Or to attend such a communion service as that recently held in Lowell, Mass., where members of twelve denominations, from Baptists to Unitarians, Friends to Episcopalians and Greek Orthodox, partook together in deep emotion? Surely he would be one of the staunchest

supporters of that movement which is shaping the United Church of America, and of the world!

But our longing is in vain! His lips are silent. "His body lies mouldering in the grave." If our text be applicable, our longing is also mistaken; yes, and needless! For we have to guide us what Lincoln had —"Moses and the Prophets," and "that Omnipotence which condescended to take on himself the form of a sinful man." And we have them reinterpreted in the life and writings of "The Great Emancipator."

Him, America can never forget. His people have reared to him, at the national capital, the most impressive memorial in all the world. In that majestic temple, his lifelike form, of heroic size, sits gazing toward the central seat of our government. And hither the people come, curious but awed. He seems to love them all, but most the common folk whom, he once said, God must love because he made so many; and especially the little children, who look up and ask: "Mamma, what makes his eyes so sad?"

Why are they still so sad? Is he satisfied with the development of this nation, twice born to liberty? Is the Capitol hidden from his eyes by the obelisk which typifies the matchless symmetry of Washington—purposely? Are there proceedings therein which men do not wish him to see? Might he not well cry out: "My people, have ye reared these two monuments to *hide* our lives and precepts from your eyes?"

Enthusiasm and Work

By James Gordon Gilkey

It came to pass after a while that the brook dried up. 1 *Kings* 17:7.

SOME time ago a school teacher sent me this interesting letter: "I wonder if you could help me with one of my personal problems. I have been teaching for a number of years, and long ago all the newness wore off my work. Like most teachers of my age and experience, I have now settled down to a regular and very familiar routine. My difficulty is that I find myself beset frequently by a strange feeling of restlessness and dissatisfaction. Some days it seems as if I couldn't go on teaching another minute. When that mood passes it is followed by a mood of complete indifference toward my job. I lose all interest in it. I realize that such a feeling will be detrimental to the quality of my work, and I have tried repeatedly to conquer it. But it keeps coming. If you could tell me how to master this feeling and maintain a steady interest in my teaching, I should certainly appreciate it."

What was the problem this teacher was facing and which she described so vividly? One of the most familiar in the world. The problem of keeping enthusiastic about one's work.

Most people meet this problem in the thirties if they have not met it before. It makes no difference what type of work we do, where we do it, or how successful we are. A day comes when the job loses its novelty and its original interest, and the long struggle to maintain our own morale begins. It is an open secret that most ministers face this problem after they have remained in a parish for five or six years. At first the minister finds his work stimulating and satisfying because of the unfamiliar problems and unexpected opportunities which it brings. There are new families to meet, new undertakings to plan, new ideas to present to an attentive and expectant congregation. All his sermons are fresh again, and no one in the vicinity has heard his pet illustrations or his favorite bits of poetry! But after four or five years the situation changes! He knows his people and they know him. He completes the process of organizing or reorganizing the church, and the limit of its expansion is definitely reached. The ideas in his mind become thoroughly familiar—perhaps painfully so—to everyone in the congregation. Suddenly work in that church seems dull and tedious, and an unexpected invitation to move elsewhere has an almost irresistible appeal. Taking a new church seems curiously easy, staying in the old church immensely hard.

Weariness of Great Executives

The men who are doing executive work in secular fields are apparently beset by similar feelings. President Eliot of Harvard once confessed, many years after he had assumed his position, that his work no longer offered him either novelty or fresh interest. He went so far as to say that nine-tenths of it had become sheer routine, as dull and monotonous to him as the work of carpenters and blacksmiths is to them. We might imagine that the president of a huge university, facing tasks as varied as raising money, planning a curriculum, engaging professors, and erecting dormitories, would find his work always invigorating. Apparently this is not the case. It would be interesting to learn how many of the prominent executives in this city of Springfield—bank presidents, factory managers, and important public officials—occasionally feel the same twinge of restlessness and dissatisfaction that plagued the school-teacher whose letter we just read. Probably all of them have days when they would like to run away somewhere—anywhere—and begin again in a different career.

There is a profound knowledge of human nature in a verse written some years ago by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Listen carefully, and then ask yourself if you have not known the mood she so vividly describes.

The railroad track is miles away
  And the day is loud with voices speaking,
Yet there isn't a train goes by all day
  But I hear its whistle shrieking.

All night there isn't a train goes by
  Though the night is still for sleep and dreaming,
But I see its cinders red on the sky
  And hear its engine steaming.

My heart is warm for the friends I make
  And better friends I'll not be knowing,
Yet there isn't a train I wouldn't take
  No matter where it's going!

But it is in another field—in the field of domestic life and parental responsibilities—that we see this problem assuming its most acute form. How many people wish secretly they could run away from home and start again somewhere else! When two young people are first married such difficulties seldom arise. The bride and the groom find it easy to make the personal adjustments which the early weeks of marriage bring, and easy to make the personal sacrifices which their new and half-furnished home requires. Both of them are still immensely interested in the new venture of life together, and keenly enthusiastic over the home they are trying to build. Even if it is measured by one room, a kitchenette and a breakfast alcove, they are fascinated by it. But as the years pass and the children come the situation changes perceptibly. The wedding silver grows a bit dull and its pattern becomes out of date, homemaking proves to bring a succession of heavy responsibilities, and the children force on the parents duties which were never contemplated in the old and care-free days. How often, as this new situation develops, love gives place to indifference and devotion changes to restlessness! How hard many couples find it to maintain their enthusiasm for the task they assumed so light-heartedly ten years before!

An Ever Present Problem

Suppose this problem, in one of its many forms, is confronting you today. How can you solve it? How can you keep yourself interested in the work you are doing, enthusiastic about the opportunities it brings you? Before we try to answer that question there are two preliminary points we ought to state clearly. One is that many of our moods of discouragement and despair are insignificant and unimportant things, the temporary by-products of fatigue. One of the first ways in which physical or nervous weariness shows itself is the sudden feeling that our work amounts to nothing, that no one is interested in having us do it well, that our past record is a dismal failure, and that we cannot continue the work a day longer. When a man finds such ideas flashing into his mind, when he sees the color and glory fading from his little world, he can safely conclude he is over-tired and that his judgment is temporarily unreliable. One of the first and most important lessons all of us must learn is this lesson of self-knowledge—recognizing our own symptoms of fatigue, disregarding the sense of failure that accompanies them, and finding effective ways of restoring our normal perspective and equilibrium. Until a man learns this lesson he remains the pitiful prey of moods. When he learns this lesson he makes the first step on the road toward steady self-confidence and abiding happiness.

In one of his letters Martin Luther gave a quaint account of his own struggle with moods and his own method of conquering them. A friend had written asking how to master the feeling of discouragement, and Luther made this bluff and good-humored reply: "Whenever the devil vexes you with such thoughts immediately seek the society of men, or drink more freely, or talk nonsense, or do some hilarious thing. Why do you think I eat so often, drink so much, and converse with such freedom if not to make sport of the devil when he is trying to vex me?"

Luther's notion that the devil is responsible for our despondent moments faded long ago. His pre-prohibition recipe for courage is now illegal. But his words disclose a shrewd knowledge of life and people. Many of our moods of despair and restlessness have an insignificant and a purely physical origin. We can conquer them by the simple expedient of giving ourselves

James Gordon Gilkey

food, putting ourselves to bed, and making ourselves stop talking.

The other preliminary fact we must mention is this. There are certain individuals who ought to find a new job and a new situation rather than try to content themselves with what they now have. To suggest that everyone stay where he now is would be to stifle all worthy ambition. To imply that everyone can find happiness and satisfaction in his present career is a flat denial of the facts. There are hundreds of people—particularly young people—who are trying to make their way out of treadmill occupations, careers that lead into a blind alley. In this heroic undertaking they ought to have our hearty encouragement and support. What a loss to the world if someone had persuaded Abraham Lincoln to remain a rail-splitter! What a tragedy if Thomas A. Edison had been satisfied with his job as a telegraph operator and his salary of $25 per month!

Some fifty years ago a boy named Aaron Drucker was born in a village in the interior of Russia. His parents were desperately poor, the children were hungry much of the time, and when this boy was only

twelve he made up his mind to get away and find—if he could—a happier world. He walked to Odessa, earned passage on a ship sailing for Constantinople, was sent back into Russia by officials at the frontier, and then started walking to Germany. He finally reached the German city of Memel, found employment there, saved what money he could, bought a ticket to New York, and eventually landed in the United States in October, 1891. He knew only a few words of English, was practically penniless, and had neither a friend nor a relative in America. The first job he located was that of a shirt-packer in a New York sweat-shop. Then he advanced one stage and became a worker in a shirt-factory. That was the point he had reached on his twenty-fifth birthday. But that year a sudden ambition flamed within him, and he determined to learn English. He enrolled in a kindergarten though he was a grown man, and there mastered the letters of the alphabet. Then he enrolled in night school, then he passed his college entrance examinations, then he graduated from Columbia, then he went to the University of Chicago for further study. Eventually he won a position on the faculty of Colorado college, and then was promoted to the position of dean of its commercial department. At twenty-five a pupil in a kindergarten, at fifty a college professor with a doctor's degree from one of our great universities. How fortunate that Aaron Drucker did not try to content himself with work in a sweat-shop.

There are people listening to these words—most of them young people—who would make the mistake of their lives if at this juncture they accepted their apparent limitations and settled down in the suffocating job and the bitterly unhappy world in which they now find themselves. What they need is a thrust forward, a ringing command to stay in the battle until they conquer fate and break through to victory.

What to Do?

But there are other people—most of them older people—whose situation is obviously different. They must stay where they are, even though their work is dull and their satisfactions few and far between. They must stay where they are for the simple reason that no road of escape lies open. When all is said, it is dubious wisdom for a teacher who has gained professional training and years of teaching experience to scrap that equipment and attempt in the thirties an entirely new career. It is doubtful whether ministers and business executives who have reached middle life ought to risk leaving their present occupation and starting some wholly new work.

It certainly is a questionable decision when two young people who once said "till death us do part" hastily conclude that their home can never be made happy, go their separate ways, and ask their bewildered children to pay the price of the parental failure. For every person who can make his way out of a difficult situation and locate a happier one there are at least two persons who must stay where they are and find in their present work and their present environment happiness and satisfaction. Suppose as you face your life and your home you know you cannot honorably run away and make a fresh start somewhere else. How can you make yourself happy where you are? How can you keep yourself enthusiastic over a job that is already painfully familiar? Here are four suggestions.

Opportunities in Work

To begin with, remind yourself that your job has special advantages and opportunities as well as special difficulties. The tendency of most tired and discouraged people is to enumerate the peculiar hardships of the work they are doing and overlook completely its peculiar satisfactions. A salesman, depressed by his poor record in a dull period like this, tells himself that selling is the most disheartening job imaginable. He forgets that selling offers a man the chance to show originality, perfect an individual method of work. There are thousands of men in other lines who have no such chance to be themselves, and who bitterly yearn for it. A trained nurse, exhausted by the innumerable demands of a fretful patient, says to herself that there is no job in the world as irritating and tiresome as hers. She forgets that a nurse, like a doctor or minister, has the chance to establish friendships that eventually prove priceless. There are thousands of women at work in factories and offices who would give anything to get away from machines and have the nurse's chance to deal with human beings.

There are people listening to these words whose attitude toward their work and whose feeling about themselves would be transformed in an hour if they would recall some simple facts. Every job has special advantages as well as special problems, special opportunities as well as special difficulties. If we want to be happy after ten years of teaching, ten years of preaching, or ten years of office work we must remind ourselves that, after all, there are peculiar advantages and peculiar satisfactions in the career we are following. To us our familiar world may seem a dismal place. To many other people it looks like a corner of paradise.

I look through others' windows
  On an enchanted earth,
But out of my own window
  See solitude and dearth.
And yet there is a mystery
  I cannot understand,
That others through my window
  See an enchanted land.

We can also remind ourselves that our present job—whatever it happens to be—can be made a doorway into a bigger world. One day someone approached a relatively unknown college professor and said with cruel sweetness, "So you teach Greek!" There was a moment of embarrassed silence, and then the professor answered quietly, "No, you are wrong. I teach boys. Greek is what I start with."

There are the two ways of looking at any career. One man sees the career as a blind alley within which an imprisoned human spirit paces rebelliously. The other man sees it as a doorway through which a creative mind and heart go out to serve and enrich the world. In some careers, notably teaching, medicine and social work, these adjacent fields of oppor-

tunity are obvious. We all realize that teachers have the chance to mould character as well as correct papers, that social workers have the opportunity to salvage human lives as well as climb innumerable tenement stairs. But are there such chances and satisfactions in other careers? Can a man who is in a business or an industrial position make his job a doorway to something bigger?

Money and Service

Thousands of people in the business or the industrial world are doing that very thing. There are men in this city who are working day and night to accumulate a certain financial surplus. What do they want the money for? Not to spend on themselves, and certainly not to give to their children. They hope to do something fine for their city—for its charities, its churches, its colleges, its underprivileged young people. Their aim is to help build a better community. Money is the thing they work with. It is a means, not an end. There are other men in this city who are trying desperately to hold together an elaborate business organization. Why? Partly to assure themselves of an adequate income. But still more to give the men who have been associated with them for years regular work and steady pay. Their business success is not an end in itself. It is also a means toward a more important end—keeping workmen employed and giving workmen's families the regular income they need. You say all this applies to the men who direct business enterprises, but that the principle does not hold true in the case of subordinates.

Look again at your career. You are working year after year in an insignificant position and for a meager wage. But is the object of your existence to capture successive pay-envelopes? Certainly not! You are trying to build a life—your life. The pay envelopes merely provide the food, the clothing, the shelter you need. Your real aim is to make yourself a blessing to other people—a source of friendship, inspiration, practical help in the world's work. Never let yourself think that your daily job is an end in itself, that your value begins and ends with some such triviality as typing letters or pushing parcels across a counter. Those acts are means, not ends. They are means toward the building of a life, a life that may be inexpressibly precious to someone, a personality that may scatter astonishing radiance in a dark world.

We also need to remember that our work may have ultimate results which we ourselves never see. Do you know Edward Everett Hale's poem entitled "The Nameless Saint?"

What was his name? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice and came,
Brought all he had across the sea,
To live and work for God and me;
Felled the ungracious oak;
Dragged from the soil
With heavy toil
The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock;
With harvests piled the mountain-side;
And at the end, without memorial, died. . . .
No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his mouldering bones.
Only a cheerful city stands
Built by his hardened hands.
Only ten thousand homes
Where every day
The happy play
Of love and hope and courage comes.
These are his monument, and these alone. . . .

How little that pioneer saw of the final results of his work! Life for him meant a succession of insignificant and tiring tasks, days of incessant labor and nights of exhausted sleep. Yet silently and secretly his work reached down into the future and became the foundation of a new and happier world. Have you ever thought of your work in that way? There are times when home-making seems an utterly disheartening task. Yet who knows what these children of ours may finally mean to the world? There are days when writing sermons seems as dull and meaningless a job as anyone could imagine. Yet who knows how far one voice of courage may echo across the silent mystery of life? There are moments when the effort to build a wiser, a kinder, a healthier world seems the project of visionaries and the life-work of fools. But what if these tired hands of ours are laying—all unconsciously—the foundation of the better America that is to be?

Work as Stewardship

There is one other thought that has brought some of us immense encouragement. It is the realization that our present work, unimpressive though it may seem, has been entrusted to us by other people. They are expecting us to do it well. We must not disappoint them. Have you ever realized how many people stand in concentric circles about your life—watching you, trusting you, and actually depending upon you? Take the case of a young man handling money in a bank. Who are the people who have entrusted that work to him? To begin with, the officers of the bank have given him their building, their equipment, their clientele and their reputation for honesty. If he fails, they and their institution are involved in his shame. Beyond them is the circle of the young man's family and friends. They give him their confidence, they expect him to render a fine account of himself in his position of trust. If he proves dishonest they are smirched by his disgrace. That man's children will be known to the end of their days as the children of a thief. Beyond that circle is the wider circle of business men covering the entire nation.

When all is said, their work rests on the invisible foundation of public honesty, public reliability, public faithfulness to a trust. When a man in a public position, even a subordinate position, goes wrong, the task of maintaining public confidence and high business standards grows that much harder. Behind all these human figures stands, we Christians believe, God himself. You and I did not drift aimlessly into the work we are doing, or into the home we are trying to build. If we lived at our best God led us into that work, brought us to that home, gave us those responsibilities.

This career we are following is his will for our life, his purpose for our hurrying years. He too is watching, trusting us to finish the work he gave us to do. We must not, we cannot, disappoint him.

On one of the reefs in New York harbor there is a lighthouse which for years was tended by a widow—Mrs. Katie Walker. One day she told her story to a reporter, and he gave it to the world. She said:

"I was living at Sandy Hook when I met my husband. He took me to that lighthouse as his bride. I enjoyed the work there, for the light was on land and we could keep a garden and raise flowers. But then we were transferred to this light on Robbins Reef, surrounded by water. The day we came I said, 'I can't stay. The sight of water wherever I look makes me too lonesome.' I refused to unpack my trunks and boxes, but somehow after a time they got unpacked and I've been here nearly forty years. One night my husband caught a heavy cold while tending the light. It turned into pneumonia, and they had to take him to the Infirmary on Staten Island. One evening, while I sat there tending the light in his place, I saw a boat coming. Something told me the news it was bringing. I expected the words I heard coming up out of the dark. 'We're sorry, but your husband's worse.' 'He's dead,' I answered, and they made no reply. We buried him on a hill on the mainland where I can see his grave. Every morning when the sun comes up I stand at this port-hole and look there. Sometimes the hills are green, sometimes they are brown, sometimes they are white with snow. But they always have a message for me. Something I heard my husband say more often than anything else. Just three words. 'Mind the light!' "

Who could disappoint a trust like that?

Pharisees—Past and Present

By Gerhard E. Lenski

The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are. *Luke* 18:11.

THE Pharisee is the villain of the New Testament and a prize-villain he is indeed. He comes to us today, in many a scriptural quotation, in many a Christian sermon, in many a pious utterance, shorn of all goodness and without a single medal of credit pinned to his breast. He is religion's greatest hypocrite. He is the foe of the common people. He is a despoiler of widows and orphans who, for the sake of public show, will often be seen in a public place making a long prayer. His goodness is like the beauty of a marble tomb, outwardly fine enough, inwardly full of dead bones. It was the Pharisee who corrupted Judas, so we say. It was the Pharisee who was the determined enemy of Jesus and who was chiefly instrumental in bringing the Master to the cross. We want to score some person whom we have come to dislike; we want to call him by a name that is worse than other names; we want the barb to be sharp and to sink deep; we think of one name that suits our purpose; we hiss like a serpent as we utter it; we say: "He is a Pharisee!"

A Despised Name

Once the Pharisee, in haughty pride, looked down upon the publican and thanked God that, being a Pharisee, he was not like other men. Today the situation is considerably changed. Today proud Christians look down upon the Pharisee with a most withering kind of contempt. Today, if the pride of many hearts might become vocal, we would hear a great chorus saying: "God, we thank thee that we are not as bad as the Pharisee once was."

Now, to be sure, the Pharisee was bad. He was a proud and presumptuous fellow. He was secretly cruel. He was often unclean. His piety was often a cloak for malice and wickedness. Surveying him casually, there is no good in him that we should desire him. No amount of whitewash that we might apply will ever make him clean. Clarence Darrow, with all his skill in legal matters, will hardly be able to free him from the odium history has seen fit to place upon him. At the same time, thinking of the widespread condemnation that is his inheritance, one begins to wonder how bad the Pharisee really was. Was he all bad? Was he pure villain, like the villain in the movie play? Has history been kind and fair in her judgment of him? Was he so bad that we people can lift pious hands to heaven for all the years to come, thanking the powers that be that we are so much cleaner, purer, truer, kinder than he? What is the real truth in this criminal case?

Condemning Others

One thing is always true in matters of this kind. It is always easy to condemn other people, especially when we stand off at a safe distance and never give them a chance to answer back. And another thing, in this connection, is equally true. Human nature has always had a mean habit of trying to hide its own faults by calling vociferous attention to those of someone else. How many of us there are—we may be the poorest kind of citizens—who take great delight in castigating those gentlemen who are the rulers of our republic as though they were all rogues and rascals and who, as we scold them, begin to feel a glow of righteousness descending upon us as though we were their very opposite, perfect citizens with all the public spirit of a Franklin and all the patriotism of a Washington or a Lincoln in us!

In the face of these conditions which often disturb and distort fair judgment, it is the contention of this sermon that the Pharisee has been abused quite enough. A good many people who have been belaboring him will do better to begin belaboring themselves. Bad as he is, the Pharisee is scarcely as bad as some of his self-appointed critics and judges. Bad as he is, he does have his good points and they ought not to be over-

looked. Paul was a Pharisee and in him we see how the Pharisee's worst vices were often nothing more than misdirected virtues. If Christian people are to measure up to Christ's standard they will have to be at least as good as the Pharisee was and they may find that standard more difficult to attain than they have realized. Let us see if we can establish these contentions, not only out of Christ's own statement of the case, but also by observations and experiences which we all can make for ourselves.

I

In spite of the overwhelming badness that was his, one admirable thing that we ought not overlook in the Pharisee is his boldness.

Say what ill you please about him, the Pharisee was always a Pharisee. He was a man of courage. He was not afraid to show his colors. He openly confessed, he boldly proclaimed the religion that was his. On more than one occasion he was ready to fight for it, to die for it. Granted that his faith was faulty, was not his courage in confessing and defending it most commendable? Had this courage been used only in defending good principles, would it not have been the finest type of heroism?

Timidity of Christians

One of the most damning things about so many modern Christians is their timidity and their lukewarmness. For fear of losing a few dollars profit or of offending some persons, known or unknown, they are often as silent about their religion as are dead men in their tombs. Observe the average Christian man of our day as he goes about his daily affairs. He may believe in saying grace at meals—he may have been taught to do so—but, as a rule, he sits at the table and bolts his food as unceremoniously as do the animals in the zoo. He may be agreed that God should be thanked for the mercies of each new day, but no one ever saw him on his knees offering such thanks, and you are safe in offering a nice reward that no one ever will. What kind of religion is it that so many of us have that we should never proclaim it in public places and that it should require the services of a detective to tell whether we have it or not?

The Pharisee may have been a hypocrite and a bad man, but was he as bad as those among us who conceal their religion for convenience' sake? Was he as bad as those who, for the advantage of financial profit, crucify their deeper convictions again and yet again? Was he as bad as those people who, when in Rome, do what the Romans do even to the point of deriding today the virtue which yesterday gave them liberty and strength? Really, I do not think he was. When it comes to the divine approval, I feel sure, in the simple matters of consistency and courage, the Pharisee will have more to his credit than some present day Christians, so-called, ever will.

II

One of the loveliest flowers that blossom in the garden of the human heart is a violet-like flower called gratitude. The Pharisee's heart was stony soil, but, even so, it did nurture the flower of gratitude. In his prayer he said: "God, I thank thee." Now, the Pharisee was ever so bad, but, wait—are our prayers today as good as his once were?

"I thank thee!" How few those words are! How easy to say! How they gladden the hearts of those who ought to hear them! For a little appreciation of this kind a true mother will count it all joy to lay down her life for her children's welfare. On the other hand, how heavy does the burden of serving others

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become when there is none to appreciate, none to thank!

Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude!

The Pharisee may have been traveling on a wrong path, but he did know something about gratitude. How much do we know about it? How much real thanksgiving do we bring to the heart of God on the day annually set aside for the special purpose of giving thanks? We have spoken about the neglected habit of grace at meals. Are you one who has been eating his three meals a day like a graceless beggar without one thought of him who is the giver of all? Are you one who has gone his way unmindful of the fact that he holds your life in the hollow of his hand? Have you forgotten how he sent his son into the world to redeem the world and how the world has been immeasurably changed and uplifted since this Jesus came? Have you forgotten? Then go, sit at the feet of a despised Pharisee and learn your lesson before your ingratitude shall break again the heart of him who is evermore your truest and best friend.

III

The fact that the Pharisee thanked God for having kept him from gross sin and vice—is not that another good thing, in the midst of all his badness, which must not be passed by?

Perhaps the Pharisee was too self-righteous. Perhaps he gave himself most of the credit and God very little. Even so, do you think he was any more self-righteous and boastful than some of us are when we praise ourselves for our attainments and never take God into the reckoning at all? The Pharisee, at least, mentioned God. Are we as good as he was when we insist on leaving God out?

Our modern, successful business man—listen to his conversation. It is filled to overflowing with the personal pronoun, first person. Everything he is he owes to himself. Yes, he admits it. His health—he has that because he worked for it. His wealth—he has that because he has outsmarted his business rivals. Listen to him elaborate the theme of his personal greatness. Why, even in the matter of his birth, he played a more important role than did the mother who conceived him or the father who begat him—that is, to hear him tell the marvelous tale. What about our modern man's self-praise? Just this. It is self-praise in a very odious and blatant form. It is Pharisaism minus the few good manners the original Pharisee once possessed.

Now, the chief reason why any of us have any goodness at all is not because we have desired that goodness so much or sacrificed for it, but because God has been watching us and not allowing us to do some things we would do if we could do them and not get caught. God has been watching us. And he has given us kind parents and wise elders and they have been watching us. And he has given our city a good police force and its members have likewise been watching us. We have often wanted to go astray and the inclination to evil has been strong in us, but his watchfulness and the powerful safeguards he has thrown about us have saved us. This may not be a complimentary version of the case. It is, however, a version of the case that is substantiated by facts. Do we recognize it as such? Do we recognize the high importance of his prevenient grace? Have we thanked him for it? No? Then, once more let it be said that, with all our goodness, we are hardly as good as was the Pharisee whom Jesus criticized so sharply.

IV

The Pharisee was a boaster. He trusted in his own righteousness and despised others. We do not like his arrogance, his boastfulness. But, weighing all things in the balance, must we not admit that he did have some specific things of which to boast? Must we not concede that his record of accomplishments was substantial?

In his prayer he lays claim to a clean moral life.

A Pastoral Prayer

By Ernest Fremont Tittle

O GOD, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, grant unto us this day an uplifting consciousness of Thy presence. It is only when we lose sight of Thee that we begin to experience anxious days and troubled nights. It is only when we forget that the everlasting God is our refuge that we become anxious for the morrow. So wilt Thou grant unto us some revelation of Thyself that will serve to increase our faith and maintain our courage.

We offer unto Thee the gratitude of our hearts for the life which Thou hast given us. We are grateful for the beauty of the world. We thank Thee for the daily task in which we are able to forget ourselves and to minister unto others. We are glad for health when we have it, and for what we may learn from illness. We rejoice in the happiness which is sometimes vouchsafed us, and for the insights which are born of sorrow. We praise Thee for the victories which thou dost enable us to win over temptation, and for the fact that temptation comes: for only as we strive against evil are we able to achieve good.

We rejoice that Thou dost bring home the lonely and dost surround him with lovingkindness: for the opportunities so often granted to reach out hands of help to the weary and the heavy-laden we are humbly glad.

We praise Thee for whatever of good has ever been achieved in our world and for whatever of truth has ever been discovered. We give Thee hearty thanks for the inspiring examples of all those Thy servants who have cleansed and enriched the human spirit and lifted our race to higher levels.

Above all do we thank Thee for Jesus Christ, our Lord, whose faith sustains us, whose spirit redeems us, and in whose illuminated face we see the light of the knowledge of the glory of God.

Help us, we beseech Thee, to show our gratitude in ways which will insure to those who come after us as much of blessing as we ourselves have received from those who have come before us. So may we help to maintain a spirit of faith and of hope which will enable the sons of men to continue their toilsome advance toward the glorious city of God. Amen.

Jesus does not deny that claim. Is not that a wonderful accomplishment—the living of a clean life? Is it easier to claim such a life than it is to live one? Some men do great things in the world—make money, win fame, exert wide influence—but many of these men who are counted great have not the moral stamina and the necessary will power to lead clean lives. Great but not clean—that description means something. Would we not be praising great men far more if we could call them—not great, as the world knows greatness, but, in the sight of God, clean?

How clean are our lives? What temptations have we overcome? What moral victories have we won? Are our moral victories all ahead of us, in some dim and uncertain future? Meanwhile are there stains on our garments and bitter memories in our souls? If there are, then once more would we not do well to think of ourselves before ever we cast more stones at the Pharisee?

The Pharisee, with his tithes, has a record for generosity. What percent of our income do we give for worthy causes? One authority says that the general average of contributions throughout the Christian churches of America is five cents a Sunday per member. Is that kind of generosity worthy to be associated with the blood-stained name of Christian? Speaking of gifts, one cannot always draw too many conclusions. Yes, but even so, some conclusions come without being drawn. For instance, I know people with good incomes who give nothing. I know others who live on the interest of their money and who would be shocked into a kind of paralysis if one should insist that they ought to give a dollar a week to the Lord's cause. I know a woman who wears the best clothes and who spends a thousand dollars for a single article of furniture without a whimper, but somehow she finds it impossible to keep up a pledge to the church amounting to fifteen cents a Sunday. Are such people as good as the Pharisee? You need not search for any conclusion—it comes rushing in the door to meet you. These penurious and spiritless givers are not as good as the Pharisee. They are not worthy to kneel before him and to loose the latchet of his shoes.

V

The Pharisee fasted twice each week. He was willing to honor God by leading a temperate, controlled life. He was willing to say "no" to his stomach in order that he might remember that he had a soul.

What do we give up for our faith's sake? Self-denial and self-control are Christian virtues—what do we know about them? The very fact that such a problem as that of liquor cannot be trusted to be settled these days on the basis of individual self-denial and self-control, but that it must be settled by prohibition enactments and by strict law enforcement on the part of the police—does not all that say once more that it might be far more in order for us to pluck the beam out of our own eye than for us always to be trying to extract motes from the eye of a nameless Pharisee who lived two thousand years ago?

It is easy to stand off at a distance and to criticize other people, especially when we give them no chance to answer back. It is always easy to hide our own faults by calling loud attention to those of someone else. People who do that, even though they live in the twentieth century, are Pharisees. As such they still fall under the rebuke of him who condemned the Pharisee so many years ago.

Are we Pharisees? Is this the reason the church lags behind—she has too many Pharisees in her midst, too many who insist on trying to reform someone other than themselves?

Once more let us turn the searchlight in upon our own souls. Once more let us be honest and exacting. Once more let us lay pride aside and bending low, listen to the Searcher of all hearts as he whispers and says: "Except your righteousness shall exceed that of the Pharisee, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Who Are the Great?

By John Paul Jones

He that is greatest. . . . Matthew 22:11.

EVERYONE remembers that Jesus said the greatest shall be servant of all. But obviously Jesus did not mean a servant merely in the sense of attending to our comforts and the fulfilling of passing desires. His life is evidence that he meant something far deeper. A servant of mankind who deserves to be called great is one who puts us most in his debt. It is suggested, first of all, then, that the great are those who personify a unifying principle in life. The great are those who show us how to live.

Let us illustrate what we mean by this. Without question there are two sides to life. On the one hand, the world appears as a terrible place in which to live. Not without cause have some cried, and many believed, that right is "forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne." The day and the night are filled with enemies and terrors. Most of the world has never been well fed. Famine today is gnawing at the hearts of millions of people, and before the setting of the sun will mean an agonizing death for multitudes. Pestilence still sweeps across wide areas leaving a horror which we cannot even comprehend. The earth may tremble but for a few seconds and yet long enough to swallow up a city. War may come over night to take away plans and the dreams of years, and offer nothing in return but carnage and disillusionment. Our world is a world of tragedy and catastrophe.

So in our personal lives. A mother, for example, may give herself without stint to her children, only to become an easy victim to some fatal disease. For her sacrifice she achieves the reward of death, and leaves her children when they need her most. The family savings of years may go to the education and training of a son or daughter and at the beginning of

a life of promise a drunken automobile driver may destroy the work of decades. After a long battle against illness and misfortune a day-laborer may be rewarded for his heroism by an old age in the almshouse, or a license to tramp the streets and beg. The most lovely personality may come to grief for persecution. The fairest son of earth may be crucified. This is a side of life that is real. It will not do to close one's eyes against it. The world seems so impersonal, the universe so indifferent, and our lives are so insecure. When we take a long look in this direction, the scene is appalling.

JOHN PAUL JONES

But of course that is not all. None of these things, nor all of them put together, can dim the glories of another picture. Equally true is it that the world and life are wonderful and thrilling. One who will, may look up into the heavens and find himself entranced, like the Psalmist of old, by the grandeur and the design of it all. Likewise the world of nature, though at times it is "red in tooth and claw," is, nevertheless, beautiful and inspiring to the human spirit. Many who have lived upon this earth have been well content simply to be let alone with the great out-of-doors. There is also the grandeur of human achievement. Adventure and discovery possess so much allurement that they offer to some full satisfaction and transcend all evils. The mind of man offers both escape and consolation. Then, too, the world is full of work and of play. Happy are people when they have an all absorbing task. There is for some persons even a lure in the commonplace. Moreover, we have said nothing of friendship and love. These, especially as they merge one into the other, have offered to many a glory and beauty of life which not only is real, but overshadows the mystery and terror.

So we have a paradox. Life is appalling—and beautiful. Now, most people do not relate these two sides of existence successfully. They do not see any essential contradiction or they do not achieve a synthesis. They may persuade themselves that one side or the other is more real, but most of them do not get that far in their thinking. They take what comes. They laugh and they weep. They bless and they curse, they hope and they fear. Some satisfaction they find, but they rather look for the coming of the evil days that have no pleasure in them.

Was it Thoreau who said that the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation? That statement is perhaps extreme, but it is certainly true that most people do not live deeply. They are dogged throughout life with a certain perplexity and insecurity. They crave and cling to artificial hopes and seek a ramshackle refuge. The tragic and glorious parts of life play their separate parts unrelated one to the other. Now the great are those who, seeing all this, discover a unifying principle and thus achieve the salvation of their souls. They find harmony of life and spirit—an inner peace and calm; they live the overcoming, the victorious, the serene life.

Finding Unity in the World

Thus greatness expresses itself in many ways. The name of Keats is great because of the unifying principle that beauty became for him. Beauty even in tragedy was somehow so real that he personified it and registered its meaning in immortal verse. Plato, Spencer, Newton—scientists and philosophers—are great because they personify intelligence as a unifying principle bringing meaning out of chaos. Wordsworth comes to mind as an outstanding example of one who found a unifying principle in communion with nature. The terror of the world lost its significance in the security of a spiritualized intercourse with the great world of life.

Some have found this unifying principle in humanity itself. With its weaknesses and strength, its defeats and victories, its tragedy and triumph, there has been discovered a golden thread of permanent worth and value. Undoubtedly this was a prominent if not a controlling factor in the life of Lincoln. He believed in the essential verities of the common man and found therein something permanent and supreme. His devotion to humanity gave him a unifying principle which, though leaving much unexplained, brought him into the category of the truly great. Somehow such a passion has the power to make the unclean clean and lift one's personal life to the place where many perplexities no longer matter.

And close to this has been the experience of love. Love, perhaps comes nearer being the ultimate principle in life than anything else we know about. It too leaves many questions unanswered, but as it expresses itself through a personality like that of Jesus, for example, it establishes the truth that love can never lose its own. Therefore much that is glorious, or much

that is tragic, is beside the main issue. The great, then, are those who live so deeply that they become identified with the realities of life itself, and so with their fellowmen, and the ultimate source of all things. They achieve a unifying principle.

Tying Up with What Is Fundamental

On the other hand, the great are the essentially detached and disinterested. At first glance one may feel that they are just the contrary. There are those who identify themselves with their fellowmen and with what is fundamental in life. Surely the great are not uninterested. They do not consciously hold themselves aloof. They do not exemplify a "holier than thou" attitude. They are the opposite of these things. They are deeply interested and concerned. Their attachments are vital and personal. But they are more than personal in the narrow sense, because they connect up with the nature of things. So far as human feeling and human ties are concerned, the great are essentially alone and self-contained. Only as such are they firmly established.

A simple illustration will make clear the nature of this seeming paradox. A man and a woman, with happy romance and high anticipation, start out on the pilgrimage of life together. Their attachment to and dependence upon one another go without saying. But obviously adjustment must be made to every new relationship. Leaving out of consideration cases where the adjustment is not harmonious, there is, nevertheless, both a higher and a lower level of success. On the one hand, marriage may merely secure for each party certain commonplace comforts and satisfactions. Two lives may become deeply dependent upon each other in a very practical yet unwholesome sense. Individual identity may easily be sacrificed. In the common vernacular, both become tied to one another's apron strings. If death comes to one, the other is helpless, lost. Life loses its meaning, and in some instances it never comes back. Gloom and despair are inevitable.

Soul-Fellowship

Now the same sacred relationship may rise to a higher level. It may not depend primarily upon the fulfillment of practical comforts and satisfactions, vital though these may be. It may find its glory in a soul fellowship, a mutual exchange of thought and feeling, the inspiration and stimulus of spiritual communion. It may build in the heart a storehouse of memories; abiding satisfactions achieved through triumph and defeat; cherished hopes realized and unrealized. It may supply food for the spirit and continual enrichments which are their own reward and justification. Full of meaning as life becomes in the joy of such fellowship, it may not become less but rather more significant if that fellowship, humanly speaking, is broken. The deeper and more vital an attachment, the more self-contained and independent do the spirits become that share it. There are those who can testify that life has never had more meaning than in the years after death has taken one's most satisfying soul companion.

The great are essentially independent of those perfectly good and proper things which our human natures crave, but which are eventually taken from every man. This is an identification mark that never fails. It is the secret of the poise, self-reliance, and fortitude of all the great. Visit them with affliction, suffering, bereavement, abuse; crucify them; you cannot break their spirits. Incidentally, we here discover one reason for the place that Jesus has in human affections. He identified himself with the least of men, but essentially he was not of this world. Misunderstood, lonely, persecuted, deserted by friend and foe alike, cruelly put to death, the face of God hidden for a time; yet none of these things, nor all of them put together, could take away the light of his immortal spirit. His feet were planted upon ultimate reality. He was self-contained in his reliance upon the eternal God. The great are essentially not of this world.

Unknown Heroes

It happens, moreover, that for the most part the great are the unknown heroes. Most of the great of the earth we shall never know. This is true because most of them remain undiscovered. How is it that they are undiscovered? In the first place, the achievement of a unifying principle in life is a personal thing. It is accomplished in the unseen portions of our lives. It takes place deep within the soul. It is not open to the public gaze. No matter how well one may be known by one's friends, the deepest things in one's life are peculiarly one's own.

Moreover, the great of the earth do not seek prominence. But prominence is gained for the most part by those who do seek it. All of us seek prominence far more than we realize. But a measure of greatness may be found in the degree to which one actually renounces or overcomes the desire for honor and power. The great desire nothing more or less than to be themselves. That explains how it is that so often we are disappointed with people who are in high places. It explains also how it is that ofttimes we come unawares upon some great mind or spirit dwelling calmly in an out-of-the-way corner of the earth. Many of the great are unknown beyond the small circle of their friends. They will always be, because only a few of the great are singled out by a combination of circumstances which reveals their greatness.

Of course, someone may say, "After all, it was the great Lincoln and not someone else who was elected President in 1860." But were there no great men in America when Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan ruled the country? Had we not learned their names in school, no one would remember today that they were heads of a great nation. Yet the position they held was outwardly equally great with that of Lincoln.

More than that, a little reflection will enable us to see that all of the truly great are more or less unknown. They may be discovered and exalted to places of honor and esteem, but the very discovery means a certain concealment of their true nature and greatness. The popularizing of a great man makes him a legendary figure. There may be a certain intuition in the

lives of people which leads them to detect something of the superiority of a great man, but most of them do not know what it is. What happens is that the great figure which becomes popularized in the imagination of people has attached to it those legendary and mythical fictions which can be understood by the mass of mankind. It is inevitable that the true greatness which is beyond the comprehension of the average is lost in the process.

Who Understands Jesus?

Socrates, Shakespeare, Lincoln, and hundreds of names are known to everybody, but who knows the real Socrates, the real Shakespeare, or the real Lincoln? Or take a more telling example still. Jesus is accorded greatness above all other men. But who understands Jesus? People are divided by the very endeavor to define his greatness, and even the scholars are far apart. There can be little doubt if the usual conception of Jesus could be represented in an actual human figure, it would bear scant resemblance to the man of Galilee.

There is something about the great that is self-contained and hides from our view. There is no rank or caste to which they belong. They inhabit the past and dwell in the present. They come from, and are in, all walks of life. They are known only to those who, like them, are also great. Undoubtedly some great ones walk the streets of our city and we do not know who they are. Undoubtedly some live very near to us and we are but dimly aware of them. They rise to deeds of heroism in emergencies and they provide the ideals which bring about unified and wholesome living. They keep our civilization in the measure of health that it enjoys and they guide our feet without our knowing it into whatever paths of peace and rejoicing there are. We may never know on this earth that we, in our humble lives, have been privileged to associate with some of the greatest of the earth. They are among the unknown heroes.

The Modern Saint

By Frederick K. Stamm

Called to be saints. Romans 1:7

IF A LETTER should be addressed to "The Saints of the ———— Church," who would claim it? I imagine refusals coming from every member of the church and from every organized group. If a letter should be addressed to "The Saints in New York," to whom would the postmaster deliver it? It would, in all probability, find its way to the dead letter office.

Why? Paul so addressed some of his letters and they found their way to the persons for whom they were intended—the saints in Rome, the saints in Corinth. Were people any better then than now? Was there something distinctive about them then which made them feel they were perfectly justified in permitting themselves to be thus addressed.

Perhaps the reason for our diffidence about being called "saints" is because of the unfortunate meaning we have attached to the word. It is a good word gone wrong. We think of a saint as one who has been translated to heavenly spheres. Or we think of a saint as a sanctimonious person, one who is unpleasant, who deals in pious phrases without any reality, unctuous, other-worldly, depressing, who throws a wet blanket over every normal aspect of life. We do not want to be saintly in that fashion. We would rather disavow any relationship to Christianity than to have our characters develop in that direction. Doubtless it is this aspect of saintliness which has prevented many people from committing themselves to the Christian belief. Or, we have associated the saint with some marvelously good person, our grandmother or aunt, representing an ideal which is beautiful and lofty, but too good for this world, and altogether impractical for such persons as we are. We have great respect for the saintliness of our grandmother and aunt, but to be a saint of that kind is far from desirable for us.

Or, we think of this passionless man. He never loses his temper. Normal people come to the breaking point sometimes, and before we are aware of it words leap to our lips, and fire flashes from our eyes, and when the passion is spent we have done something which we might have left undone. We will champion a good cause against a wrong one, but we will sometimes lose our temper. But that harmless man! He never loses his temper. We have some respect for him, but we do not want his saintliness. In his presence we have a sense of inferiority, and in that hour we may say, "Well, I never pretended to be a saint," or, "A man can't be a saint in my business." And there we leave the matter with an air of finality.

Yes, the word "saint" sounds like a forbidding word. If the New Testament sets it forth as meaning one who is perfect, one who is beyond the power of temptation, then the word would sadden us, because it would exclude us. If sainthood harks back to another day, to another age, to another people, wrapping itself about with virtues to which it is useless for us to aspire, then there is little sense in any of us setting out in the direction of a saintly life. There is no more seductive foe of the soul than a word on the lips of anyone which has lost contact with the living realities of the mind. It would be a fine thing if we could restore this word to its right relations so as to enable us again to refer to people in our churches as "saints." Let us see the meaning attached to it, and what we mean when we speak of "the modern saint."

I

First and foremost, the modern saint is a man who attaches sacredness to every bit of life. I do not mean a solemn person waiting for the last rites to be said over his grave. The true saint realizes that life has meaning and is of priceless value, and that its meaning and value are discoverable only in God. If one would see the difference between a life that has poise, purpose, and direction, and one that is swayed by the pas-

sions and desires of the moment, all heedless of the outcome to character, he has but to look into the mind of Paul, and contrast it with the cheap and easy manner in which Esau regarded life. Paul said, "Ye are bought with a price." What did Esau know about being bought with a price? "I am debtor," said Paul. What did Esau know about being debtor to anyone? Paul said, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of the living God?" What did Esau know about enshrining an altar within the heart?

Esau was a profane person. He did not indulge in foul language. His profaneness did not consist in a life out of control. It means that his point of view was sensuous and secular. His was the impulse of the moment, and the highest good he could think of at the moment was the thing he wanted for his stomach. The antithesis of saintliness is found in the exclamation, "Feed me with that red pottage. Give me what I want now. What do I care for birthrights? What do I care for tomorrow? Give me what I want today."

It is the mood of the babe who cries for the thing it wants and wants now. It is the attitude of the person who prefers a present good to a future security. It is the philosophy of the man who takes his possessions and opportunities and uses them for self-gratification. It is the habit of the person cradled and rocked in the lap of luxury who gets what he wants regardless of any authority which restrains the passions and directs the will. It is a cheapening process which degrades and dehumanizes all life.

Your life is sacred, hallowed and sanctified by the creative touch of God. There is no such thing as a division of life into sacred and secular. All life is sacred. Days are sacred. One cannot say that the week is divided into seven days, six of which are secular and one holy. Every day, as it rises out of the night and settles again into darkness, is a holy day. And the question is not so much as to what we are doing with the days, as to what the days are doing to us. Business is sacred; the supreme question is not what we are doing with our business, but what the business is making of us. Pleasure is sacred, and its function is to refresh and recreate, and send us with eager step into the great stir and rush of human life. Being mentally alert and physically equipped to engage in aggressive fighting for the right is "the greatest sport in the world."

II

Again, to be a modern saint means separation. To a man who believes that all life is sacred, life becomes something more than a bargain or a game. But when we speak of separation we do not mean a feeling of mental superiority, of social exclusiveness, of a withdrawal from the unpleasant tasks of life. When Jesus said to the disciples, "Come ye apart," he was inviting them to a sane consideration of the vital issues which fundamentally concerned the needs of humanity. He was asking them to get hold of themselves and fit themselves for the harder tasks which were just ahead. It was a new outlook, new visions, new opportunities, to which he was calling them.

Saintliness in the Christian era has expressed itself in two historic forms. Monasticism took its rise in the middle ages. There came a time when men felt that the only way to be holy was to withdraw themselves from the affairs of the world. There is much to be said for this form of saintliness. It served to keep the fires burning on the altar of faith during the days when the priesthood was corrupt and when organized Christianity had lost its hold upon men.

These saints gave us new translations of the scriptures, enriched the world with music, and gave it the highest creations of art. The Puritan separation was

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another example of saintliness. It was born out of high motives, but resolved itself into a life of negations, which said that one must not dance, must not play cards, must not go to the theater. It made of Sunday a day of gloom!

These forms of separation have passed, and passed forever. The one thing which has helped us to overcome this gloomy aspect of religion is the new appreciation which we have of the life of Jesus. He was no recluse. He lived an abundant life, sharing in the joys of his neighbors and entering heartily into the social life of his day. Instead of his religion separating him from life, it penetrated life, shot it through with the stuff that makes life a joy forever.

But let us not delude ourselves with the thought that separation no longer is necessary. There are no hard and fast lines, to be sure. But there must be separation if a person is to be a saint, meaning thereby one who lives in the light of the eternal, and who regards life as sacred. I cannot tell what it is from which one must separate himself. But you know. I do know certain things without which none can live

on the higher levels of life. Prayer is necessary. No one lives his life to the full without the enshrinement of an altar within the heart. What crowds prayer out of your life? You know. Another is the ability to see God. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." What is it that obscures or dims your vision of God? You know. Another is high impulse, a reaching forth which breeds a holy discontent for anything less than the best. What makes you miss the highest reaches of life? You know. Perhaps it is cynicism, that habit of the mind which sees no good in the world. Perhaps it is self-pity which makes you forget that God cares. Or it may be the element of doubt which hangs about you like a fog, befuddling your mind and sinking you into the depths of despair. You know. Perhaps it is a cheap companionship, or some weak surrender to the low ideals of another. You know. But whatever it is, there comes today the same call, "Be ye separate," if you would realize the highest demands of your soul. That is sainthood.

III

A third mark of the modern saint is purity. I do not refer to a clean-sheet sort of life. We talk so glibly of the necessity of every man's life being an open book where everyone who runs may read. Let us not be so sure of that. Here we are, a company of people in a worshipful attitude. We have a feeling that for the hour at least we are living in the presence of God with pure and undefiled thoughts. And we are. But would the best of us dare to lay our whole life open to the gaze of the world? Why, we are afraid sometimes to allow our own thought too much range among our past deeds. We don't even understand ourselves. How much less would even our closest friends understand us! We are troubled at times when men regard us as good, while at the same time we say to ourselves, "If they only knew the wickedness of my heart, they would not have such a lofty opinion of me." I think one of the evidences of the sure mercies of God is, that he hides some of our darkest deeds from the eyes of men. Paul recognized this when he said: "I do not pay much heed to what the world thinks of me, or what men say of me. I do not pay much heed to what I think of myself. I do not accept man's judgment of me, or even my own judgment of myself. I accept the judgment of God."

No, I do not mean a clean sheet. We are living in the thick of the world, dealing with various situations which reveal now one side of our nature, and now another side. Sometimes something within us gives way, and the anchor we were so sure would hold us fast, slips, and we are lost for the time. But, thank God, there is something about Christianity which wraps us round, and makes us feel that our fall is in the presence of Jesus, and not in the presence of heartless men. It becomes a blessed experience for us to know that he believes in us despite the things which the world with only half-justice might surmise.

Neither do we mean a negative purity of life. Righteousness is more than a mere painful avoidance of evil. It is a glorying in right and according to a marvelously high standard. Imagine a man with no more vital religion than that which keeps him from doing certain deeds! Stevenson once wrote to his mother a letter in which he denounced the gloom of his father's religion, and underlining this conception that Christianity is much more than a not-doing this, and not-doing that. That is too low a standard, and too easily satisfied. It is not enough to be just; not enough to pay one's just dues; not enough to deal with men as they deserve. When that becomes the scale of measurement you are only using custom, living up to conventions, making the action of other men the index of how you ought to live and what you ought to be. A man's standard must be God. God does not deal with men after the manner of their iniquities, and if you would be saintly you must deal in God's generous way, must forget ingratitude, and must meet rank unworthiness with a queer love that keeps on loving in spite of everything. Would you be children of your heavenly Father? You can be, but only on the terms of recognizing his persistently loving attitude toward you.

IV

Finally, the modern saint has in him the quality of humility. I have often tried to account for the greatness of some men and the smallness of others; for the largeness of influence of some, and the almost total lack of influence of others; for the personality of one in contrast to the absence of it in others; for the powerful sweep of one man's soul as over against the constantly shrinking soul of another. After one gives due consideration to the difference in intellect, in heredity, in environment, he has not yet reached the root of the matter.

It is not a difference in equipment by nature and training so much as it is the difference in ultimate value between one whose gifts are entirely devoted to God, and another whose gifts are "distracted and divided and corrupted by self-indulgence, or pride." Men walk into the larger duties of life, and grapple with the large issues, through the door of humility.

If one would behold a saint, let him look on the publican as he prays, "God be merciful to me the sinner," or on St. Francis as he says, "I am God's poor fool." He is the one who, when he comes within sight of an infinite holiness, when he sees the moral beauty of God, is slain, yet lifted up and set on the highway to victory.

It is worth noting who it was to whom Paul addressed the title of "saints." They were not important people. There were no important people in the church of those days. The Christian ethic had to make its way, not among the wise, not among the mighty, not among the noble, but among the weak and despised. They were slaves, men who had not yet awakened to the meaning of the faith they professed. Think of it, men who were in the process of "becoming saints," and in whom the Christ-implanted ideals were yet to shape the life of the world! Was there ever such sublime optimism? But it was in just such confidence that the leaders of the church lived. They were perplexed, but not unto despair. Scoffed at, despised, persecuted, facing without a quiver the darkest experiences of life, but persuaded that nothing could

separate them from the love of Christ, and feeling that they held in their hands the palms of victory.

There is nothing the modern saint needs so much as the belief that the world shall be judged by what God has put into his hands. The world stands judged at the bar of the ideals of God's saints. And the world never before needed so much the modern saint with eternal sunshine on his face as the result of the discovery of himself in Jesus. No, the word "saint" is not a forbidding word. We shall never again let it out of our grasp, but we shall cherish it and use it as the highest honor God can confer upon his victors.

Lincoln: A Timberline American

By Cyrus E. Albertson

And he shall be like a tree. Psalm 1:3.

HAVE you ever stood near the summits of the Rocky mountains at a place called "timberline"? Have you ever traveled among those trees that are fighting against nature's severest forces? Do you know the dauntless, battling, inspiring trees of timberline?

From the shores of the oceans the trees make a triumphant march across the plains. They advance over the foothills and up the canons. They climb over mountains where there is but soil enough to hold and start the chance-blown seed. Onward and upward the trees advance until they reach an altitude of over two miles above the level of the oceans. Then they meet the severest of all their struggles and their advance is halted. They are defeated, but how gloriously they meet it. Out of the struggle against the elements there comes the unforgettable individuality of timberline trees.

The battle of timberline is against a variety of forces. There are the cold, long months of it. Spring, summer and autumn are crowded into three months; the rest of the year is winter. Snow comes early and stays late. It blows over the range and piles into great drifts in the canons where it never melts. Glaciers are born and grow out of those "eternal snows." Most of all there is the wind, wild and uncontrolled, as it blows over the "great divide." A recording aerometer on one of the peaks had its wings blown away a few winters ago. The recorder was left and when men found it the next summer it had a record of a wind velocity of one hundred and twenty miles an hour, before the wings blew away. A wind like that makes a typhoon look tame.

The cold and the snow and the wind are the forces that battle the trees. In that struggle a strange thing happens. The trees, out of their adversity, develop individuality. There is no danger of missing the trees at timberline because of the forest. Some trees are prostrate on the ground, growing for centuries without ever being able to lift either trunk or branches above the ground. Others are matted together until they form great sheds that shelter the animals and provide them with homes. Other trees grow upward in spite of the odds against them, and these upright trees are the most inspiring of all. On the windward side there are no branches growing, but on the other side the branches stream into the wind like banners on a mast.

The trees at timberline are tough grained, full of pitch and strong. If you have once seen them, you will never forget them. They are ordinary trees of the forest, pines and spruce, but the struggle of timberline makes them different from all other trees that grow. Adversity has made them unforgettable and they inspire the artist, the poet and the singer. Most of all, they inspire the souls of the folk who know them best.

Great Men Are Like Trees

Along the higher ranges of American life there stand some timberline characters. They are men and women who are "like a tree." There is one in particular who attracts the attention of all who scan the high country of our past. Standing against the sky he attracts the admiration of all who are stirred by great souls. Great storms came to him, but he met them and out of those struggles his soul was made. Abraham Lincoln is a timberline American.

He was born to struggle and hardship. He had few boyhood memories of comfort and plenty. His hunger for food required strenuous effort to satisfy and his hunger to know meant more of the same effort. The limited advantages of the best of the frontier were denied to him. He grew in spite of his environment and not because of it.

As manhood came to him, he began to meet the storms. The rest of his life seemed destined to be one tempest after another. They raged about him with such terrific intensity that his friends were often fearful for his sanity. His business experiences ended in a storm that left debts which required years for him to pay. Romance played havoc with him and the storms of affection bent and twisted his soul to the end of his life. How the winds did blow about Lincoln! Weaker men would have been broken and destroyed. The winds helped to make him.

Snow fell upon him with a chilling blanket that became a crushing burden as it increased in weight. Every spring we look to see trees that have been bent to the ground by the weight of the winter snows. The wind lashes the snow into the fury of blizzards that are unknown upon the plains. It was snowing the day Lincoln left Springfield to become the president of a dividing nation.

The Secret of the Lincoln Soul

We have been given many interesting biographies of this timberline American. None of these biographers has been able to fully describe the stormy years when Lincoln was being beaten and buffeted by every kind of opposition. With a heart so tender that many stories are given to us about his sympathies, how the oppo-

sition he had must have hurt him! Ridicule from the press; intentioned insults from those officially related to him in the task of government and even blasts of denunciation from the pulpits by the clergy. All of these were mild compared to the storm that broke over him and the nation one April day.

During the winter there are "range storms" that last for days in the high country. These storms sweep over the crest of the continental divide and are the most severe of all the storms that the trees of timberline must face. The civil war was a terrible range

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storm and this timberline soul was out where all of the blasts struck him. Four years this tempest whipped around him, plowing more lines into his face and deeper furrows into his soul. Then there came a lull in the storm and men said that Lincoln was gone. Years later Edwin Markham wrote these lines:

> And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
> As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
> Goes down with a great shout against the hills,
> And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

The man Lincoln had left, but his spirit is here with us. The backwoodsman has become our national hero. Statues of him are in many of our parks. His portrait hangs everywhere. His rugged face is carried in the pockets of the humblest. His name stirs most of us with haunting hopes and wishes and desires.

Many have sought the secret of his greatness. For me it is enough to say that his was a "timberline soul." Adversity and struggle made him. That which breaks weaker men and leaves them in human trash piles was the thing that made him. Wealth with its attendant ease would never have produced the Lincoln we know and admire. It is doubtful if we would have heard of him had his life not been one of storm and struggle. God has strange ways of making trees and men unforgettable if they meet life's struggles valiantly.

> Then welcome each rebuff, that turns earth's smoothness rough,
> Each sting that bids not stand or sit, but go.

As I travel the mountains at timberline I seem to hear the voice of God telling me the secret of the lives of men like Lincoln. I walk reverently among those trees that one can almost say "possess personality." Some of those trees were growing long before Columbus. They have known colder winters that I will ever feel. The have outlived storms that no human could face. They have struggled against adversity that is beyond words to describe. But they have a rugged beauty that no sheltered things possess. They stir deeply the hidden places of my soul. As I wander among them and seem to discover the secret of transforming life's adversity into greatness of character, I begin to pray. My prayer is something like this:

> O Maker of trees and men: I do not ask to escape life's storms and cold. I only ask to have the strength to face them and that through them I may become a timberline soul.

Prayer

WHITE Captain of my soul, lead on;
I follow Thee, come dark or dawn.
Only vouchsafe three things I crave:
Where terror stalks, help me be brave!
Where righteous ones can scarce endure
The siren call, help me be pure!
Where vows grow dim, and men dare do
What once they scorned, help me be true!

ROBERT FREEMAN.

The Trimmed Lamp

I DARE not slight the stranger at my door—
Threadbare of garb and sorrowful of lot—
Lest it be Christ that stands; and goes His way
Because I, all unworthy, knew Him not.

I dare not miss one flash of kindling cheer
From alien souls, in challenge glad and high.
Ah, what if God be moving very near
And I, so blind, so deaf, had passed Him by?

LAURA SIMMONS.

In Palestine

HAVE the rocks on the hillside voices—
And the clods under trampling feet?
Do the cobblestones utter a message,
And the pebbles tell secrets sweet?

Yes, the hills and the vales have voices,
The rocks by the wayside speak:
They tell of the march of the ages,
And of Him whom the nations seek.

GEORGE W. CARLIN.

WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

WHEN Dr. Charles R. Brown was called from First Congregational church, Oakland, Calif., to be dean of the Divinity school of Yale university, he was not only famous as a pastor but as a preacher of the social gospel. For twenty years he has been sending out young preachers from Yale whose hearts he had kindled with his own social insight. But with Dean Brown the social gospel is no substitute for, but a completion of, the essential message of the Christian pulpit. He is now dean emeritus at Yale.

A Lincoln sermon is always a feature of the February issue. Dr. *E. Tallmadge Root* furnishes that feature this year. He has recently resigned as executive secretary of the Massachusetts federation of churches, where he rendered an outstanding service whose constructive results will be enduring.

We are told that they empty the church, and fill it again, immediately, on Sunday (Is it morning or evening?) for two successive services at South Congregational church, Springfield, Mass., where Dr. *James Gordon Gilkey* is pastor. His sermon in this issue reveals something of the secret of such unusual popular attraction. His message is simple, concrete, helpful, but never cheap, dealing with the actual problems of people. There is another Gilkey, a brother, Charles W., dean of the chapel at the University of Chicago, who not long since appeared in The Christian Century Pulpit. We are now ready to OK the whole family!

At the nation's capital, in Grace Lutheran church, Rev. *Gerhard E. Lenski* has been the minister for more than ten years. He is a Columbia university and Union seminary man, and was a chaplain in the world war.

John Paul Jones is minister of First Presbyterian church, Troy, New York, where he exercises a wide influence on all public questions and has been especially active on behalf of a better understanding between Jews, Catholics and Protestants. He was born in Missouri, graduated at Westminster college, Fulton, Mo., and finished his theological course at Union seminary.

Rev. Cyrus E. Albertson is the Methodist preacher at Loveland, Colorado, and a leader in the young people's work of his state. He is well known in that region as a mountain climber of exceptional prowess —a good asset, that, for a preacher!

One of the signs of Christian unity is the ease with which a preacher can change his denominational relationship today. It is hardly a matter for comment. Rev. *Frederick K. Stamm* was called to the Clinton Avenue Congregational church of Brooklyn, New York, a year or so ago from the pulpit of the Reformed church of Reading, Pa. No explanations were required and no criticism followed. That is as it should be. And Dr. Stamm's ministry in the Congregational denomination is the same in spirit and power as that which he carred on in the Reformed church.

The pastoral prayer is by Dr. Ernest Fremont Tittle, minister of First Methodist church, Evanston, Ill.

TITLES *and* TEXTS

What PULPIT Readers are Preaching About

A. P. WESTERBERG, Augustana Lutheran, Sioux City, Iowa. "The Unknown Christ." John 1:26—"In the midst of you standeth one whom ye know not."

A. STANLEY PARKER, Methodist, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. "The Final Reality." Deut. 33:27—"The eternal God is thy dwelling-place, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

JOSEPH W. REEVES, Congregational, South Dartmouth, Mass. "The Might of the Minority." Matthew 18:19—"If two of you agree on earth about anything you pray for, it will be done for you by my Father in heaven."

JOSEPH KNIERIM, Congregational, Ellis, Kan. "The Menace of the Unemployed Mind." Matt. 12:44—"And when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished."

E. S. MORELAND, Arlington Ave. Christian, Los Angeles, Calif. "The Sacrament of Common Life." Exodus 3:5—"The place where you are standing is sacred ground."

ELMER G. HAMRIGHAUSEN, Carrollton Avenue Reformed, Indianapolis. "The Dawn-Bringer." Luke 1:78—". . . by the tender mercy of our God, who will make the dawn visit us from on high."

H. W. SCHLOSS, Tabor Evangelical, Gillett, Wis. "Distant Nearness." Matt. 15:8—"This people dwelleth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."

GEORGE E. DAVIES, First Presbyterian, Union Springs, N. Y. "The Divine Exception." 1 Cor. 2:2—"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

SETH N. GENUNG, First Presbyterian, Lansingburg, N. Y. "The Diamond Rule." Rom. 12:10—"In honor preferring one another."

MERRILL D. MOORE, First Baptist, Selma, Ala. "Something to Hold To." 2 Tim. 2:19—"Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure."

RAYMOND H. ROSCHE, Bethesda Presbyterian, Philadelphia. "A Busy Failure." 1 Kings 20:40—"As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone."

CHARLES G. RICHARDS, First Presbyterian, Verona, N. J. "Moral Relativity." Luke 16:10—"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

WALTER C. SUBKE, Greenwich Presbyterian, New York City. "The Fraternity of the Free." Gal. 5:13—"Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty."

FOR YOUR SERMON TITLE AND TEXT
(Mail to The Christian Century Pulpit)

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Title of sermon

.....
Text used (Write out the text)

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Name of minister

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Name of church

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Address

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

IT MAY BE ASSUMED that every Methodist minister has already read the New Year's message sent out by the cooperating staff of the World Service agencies—the missionary, benevolent and extension boards—of the Methodist Episcopal church. But the document ought to be read by every minister in every denomination. It is, in my judgment, the most daring, the most searching, the most far-visioned, the most truly catholic and the most Christian manifesto which any denomination has issued in our time. It appeared in full in The Christian Century of January 7, 1931. Note this list of four emerging facts with which Methodist leadership declares the Christian church must shortly reckon: "The gathering wrath of millions at poverty, and their determination that the contrast between the ease of the possessing few and the bitterness of the needy many shall be wiped out. The growing resolve of the non-white races to bring their case against white world-domination to judgment. The mounting conviction that governments which are ready to sacrifice their people in war, or religions which are willing to bless them in their folly, are unworthy of the allegiance of rational men. The deepening resentment throughout the rest of the world against any nation or people who apparently intend to maintain themselves in luxury while others barely manage to exist." In the presence of these facts, says the manifesto, the tragic inadequacy of the church is revealed. What is to be done? Read the document and see. Can the church be refashioned for its colossal responsibility? Some doubt that it can. But those of us who believe that it can, see in this document, which carries the official imprimatur of organized Methodism, a heartening reinforcement of our conviction.

Methodism Upraises a More Christian Banner

The Book of the Month

THE INNER SENTINEL. *By L. P. Jacks. Harper & Brothers.* $2.00.

ANOTHER book by the editor of the Hibbert Journal! As the author of "Religious Perplexities," Dr. Jacks some years ago extended his influence, already great among the more scholarly, to embrace a great part of us rank and file people. His present book, subtitled "about ourselves," consists of twenty chapters, each one almost tart in its brevity and direct dealing. Every paragraph is iridescent. In style, Dr. Jacks reminds me of the late Professor James. They are alike in brilliance of style, the chief feature of which is the daring use of homely illustrations. Here, for example, is Jacks' putting of the old question of human freedom: "Does the human will go upon the two legs of an alternative or on the one leg of necessity? Are we morally and spiritually two-legged or one-legged?" And he pictures with a few swift strokes a world whose philosophers, divided into rival schools as "two-leggers" and "one-leggers," were engaged in a perpetual controversy as to whether the inhabitants, including the philosophers themselves, had two legs or one. The book is a vital interpretation of the modern conception of the universe, as this conception has taken form in the minds of our philosophers and has received something like a demonstration by Einstein and our advanced physicists. The "inner sentinel" is *myself,* the perceiver, the knower, the "minder." As to the existence of God, Dr. Jacks develops the thesis that all proofs "are worthless unless the valor of the soul is present to sustain them." The ethical note permeates all his pages. I recommend this book to two classes of ministers—those who would like a readable introduction to the philosophic problem; and those who have taken on so much science and philosophy that they are afflicted with intellectual and moral indigestion.

A Thought for the Month

AFTER ALL, the agnostic is half right. Our knowledge of God is never quite sure enough fully to satisfy our hearts. There is always a margin of uncertainty in even the firmest faith. God is ever revealing himself to us; but he is also evermore concealing himself. We see the shadow of him; we even see his back. But no man sees his face. The Eternal does not intrude upon man's privacy. He is no self-advertising God, explaining his presence by methods designed to make a sensational appeal. If we are to know God at all, we must seek him; and when we find him, our chief reward is to learn that he has all the time been seeking us. But in his seeking, God does not force himself upon us. He knocks at the door. He speaks in a still, small voice, approaching our soul with divine courtesy. He respects our personality. God does not compel our attention, but leaves room for us to say whether we shall recognize him or not. Though it is by his initiative that we are prompted to seek him, he nevertheless allows us the joy of discovering that it is he. By making himself known in this unobtrusive way, by restraining his self-revelation so as to leave room for the free movement of our wills, our realization of God becomes not merely a fact, but a moral achievement. In the deep mysteries of life it is given to faith to make its own free affirmations. The agnostic, beholding the chasm of the unknown, turns back. Faith, beholding, trembles, but makes the leap, saying with Esther, "If I perish, I perish," and feeling with her that it is better to perish by affirming the highest than to perish, as one inexorably does, by doubting or denying it.

Our Unobtrusive God

Charles Clayton Morrison

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